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A
POETICAL ESSAY,
ON THE
EXISTENCE
OF
G O D.

P A R T I.

BY THE REV. W. H. ROBERTS, OF ETON,
LATE FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Πισεύσαι γὰρ δεῖ τὸν προσερχόμενον τῷ Θεῷ, ὅτι ἔστι.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. and H. HUGHES:

And sold by J. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-yard; T. PAYNE, at the
Mews-Gate; WOODYER, at Cambridge; and J. POTE, at Eton.

M.DCC.LXXI.

POETICAL ESSAY,

ON THE

EXISTENCE



G. O. D.

PART I

BY THE REV. W. H. ROBERTS, OF ETON.

LATE FELLOW OF KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Printed by J. and W. Boone, 15, Pall Mall East, London.

LONDON.

Printed by J. and W. Boone, 15, Pall Mall East, London.

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MDCCLXII.

TO
THE REVEREND
EDWARD BARNARD, D. D.

CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO HIS MAJESTY,

PROVOST OF ETON-COLLEGE,

AND

CANON OF WINDSOR,

THIS POETICAL ESSAY,

ON THE

EXISTENCE OF GOD,

AS A TESTIMONY OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM,

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED,

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS.

A R G U M E N T

OF THE FIRST PART.

General invocation—First Proof of the Existence of God, drawn from the Creation of the World—The Aristotelian system of the World's Eternity, an objection to that proof—That system stated—and refuted—1st, From the lateness of History, Arts, Sciences, &c.—2dly, From the imperfect state of Geography—3dly, From the alteration and corruption of things.—Second Proof of God's Existence drawn from the impossibility of any thing making itself—which introduces the Epicurean system—Epicurus's objections to the Wisdom of God in the Creation stated—and refuted.—Third Proof of the Existence of God drawn from the force of Conscience—An Apostrophe to Conscience—Fourth Proof of the Existence of a God drawn from universal Consent—instanced in Pagans—Mahometans—Christians——A Prayer for the Universality of the Christian Religion.



PART

P A R T I*.
O N T H E
E X I S T E N C E
O F
G O D.

O Thou, who shined in beams of purest light,
Encircled by the bright Angelic host,
Thy Ministers, survey'ft whatever is
In earth, in highest heaven, Thee I approach
With awful rev'rence trembling : toward thy seat
I stretch my dazzled eye, if chance a ray
Shall dart from thence across my mortal Spirit,

* It was not the intention of the Author, either in this or the two following Parts, (one of which is on the Attributes, the other on the Providence, of God,) to introduce all the arguments, which have so frequently and forcibly been made use of on these subjects; but only to select those which seemed most adapted to a work of this nature.

And

*And touch my lips with fire. Then shall the Muse
 Disdain all humbler themes ; and soaring far
 Above the vapours of this earthly sphere,
 Bask in the fields of Heaven's serenest air,
 Where † Seas of crystal gird the sapphir throne.

Sceptic, if never yet thine eye survey'd
 Yon bright empyreal ; if thy mind ne'er rov'd
 O'er Æther's spacious plains ; look up, and tell
 From what exhaustless stream the Lord of Day
 Drinks never-wasting fire ; what hidden power
 Wheels the bright planets round their central orb ?
 Who bids the silent moon with sober pace
 Steal o'er the cloudless azure ; and with stars
 Spangles the vault of night ? Who told the clouds
 To drop rich moisture on the thirsty soil ?
 Who shap'd the lightning's nimble wing, and rais'd
 The thunder's awful voice ?—At thy command,

* Then flew one of the Seraphim unto me, having a live coal in his hand
 —and he laid it upon my mouth, and said, This hath touched thy lips —

ISAIAH vi. 6, 7.

† And before the throne there was a sea of glass, like unto crystal.

REV. iv. 6.

Great



Great Architect, at thy creative word,
 Up from the vast and shapeless chaos rose
 Harmonious Order. Thee, Thee, mighty Lord,
 Even to the center of the formless void
 Confusion heard ; and, with her thousand tongues,
 ‘ At thy strong Bidding,’ Discord sunk to rest.

’Twas then, then first, from Night’s ungenial womb,
 With all her hills, her vales, and sounding floods,
 This goodly planet sprung : then first the earth
 Smiled with delicious verdure ; fruit and flower
 Scatter’d fresh odours thro’ the fragrant air ;
 The vast deep roar’d ; and on the mountain’s brow
 The waving forest rear’d his stately head.

Or shall we rather say, this antient globe,
 An emanation, which the Eternal Mind
 By Fate, not Freedom, from his essence shed,
 With Him coæval, and with Him to endure,
 Runs on a ceaseless round ?——Such was the tale,
 That in Lycæum, by the hallow’d grove
 Of Academe, the subtle Stagyrice

Told his admiring tribe ; and drew their minds
 From the First Good, First Perfect, and First Fair,
 To idle dreams of vain philosophy.

Dreams, which nor haunted on Hydaspes' bank
 The frantic Brachman ; nor Phœnicia's seers
 Vers'd in high pedigree, and antient lore ;
 Nor Memphis, tho' the wonder-working Priest
 In mystic symbols 'grav'd on many a stone
 Her fabulous annals. Let proud Pekin's sons
 Trace her dark records thro' a thousand kings ;
 But shall that haughty empire date her birth
 Ere Time his course began ?—Go, ask of Earth,
 Have thy steep hills *for ever* pierc'd the skies ?
 Ask of the Deep, if since his howling waves
 Dash'd the rough rock, *eternal* years have roll'd ?
 Enquire, if *Everlasting* be his name ?

‡ Where, if this globe's *eternal*, where are all
 Her Kings, her Patriots ? Where, alas ! are all
 Her antient monuments of arts, and arms,

‡ LUCRETIVS, Lib. v.

And

And tales of bleeding heroes ? Shall we say,
 Till Nimrod led his mighty bands to war,
 That never Chief had hurl'd the pointed lance,
 Or drove the winged car ? Did never Bard,
 Till Amram's son pour'd forth his raptur'd strains,
 Record past actions of the brave, and wise ?
 Why unessay'd the deep, till from her shores
 Astonish'd Greece saw daring Cadmus spread
 His swelling sails, and o'er the Tyrian main
 Bring peace and science to her savage sons ?
 Why did no sage explain, how the white ray,
 Refracted by dioptric glass, displays
 Hues indistinct before, till Newton came,
 Pride of Britannia's isle ? Why thro' the veins
 Circled the blood unknown, ere Hervey rose ?

Hark, how the heroes of imperial Rome
 Boast their wide empire's universal sway !
 To distant climes her conquering eagles flew,
 To Calpe's hills, to Thule's utmost shore,
 And where proud Ganges rolls his golden sands.

Vain pride! in evil hour too soon she found
 What mighty multitudes, who ne'er had felt
 Her galling chain, were hid in regions dark
 Of ice and frost; till from their barren caves
 The populous North poured all her warriors forth
 From Weser, and from Elbe, to Anio's bank,
 And Tiber's frightened stream?—Have we forgot,
 How, strange to tell, the wondering mariner,
 Far in the bosom of the Western deep
 Found worlds unknown before; and from the top
 Of Andes, saw the Amazonian stream
 Swoln by the tribute of expanded lakes,
 Rivers, and cataracts, o'er forests wild
 Direct his floods, and in his rapid course
 Visit a thousand tribes?—And shall we call
 That world *eternal*, whose undaunted sons
 Ne'er circled half her orb? or can we deem
 That *everlasting* ages could have roll'd,
 Ere some uncheck'd adventurer had defied
 The Hesperian foam, and to his hardy crew

Shewn

Shewn the rich tribute of Potosi's mines?—
 Even yet much rests unknown. The day will come,
 When some sad ship shall roam the Southern main,
 With sails, and ensigns torn; and in the wide
 Expanse of roaring waters, far beyond
 Where the Sun turns to visit Northern climes,
 Braced by the Antarctic circle shall descry
 Some mighty continent. The ambitious Thrones
 Of distant Europe 'cross the line shall send
 Their thronging colonies, and disturb the rest
 Of peaceful nations. Thee, Iberia, thee,
 And thy false faith, some dying Motezume
 Again shall curse, and, with his life, resign
 His wrested sceptre to a stranger's hand.

Besides, that ne'er *eternal* may be named,
 Which accident can alter, time corrupt,
 Or force destroy.—Behold what rocks arise,
 Mountains and hills, that cast their evening shade
 Far o'er the plain beneath: why has not time
 Bent their proud summits to the humble vale?

Why have not storms, and winds, and driving hail
 Moulder'd their strength? why has no earthquake torn
 Their yawning cliffs; or subterranean fire
 Hurl'd their scorch'd entrails to the hissing deep,
 And continents remote? With all his snows
 Stands Teneriff; and Athos yet o'erhangs
 The Ægean, studded thick with shining isles,
 Cyclad and Sporad. If those lofty hills
 Knew no beginning, tho' ten thousand years
 But one small grain impair'd, their names, their place,
 Had long been lost; beneath the insatiate waves
 Each atom wash'd away; * like that fam'd isle
 Fancied of antient fabulists, that with all
 Her tower-crown'd cities, palaces, and fanes,
 Sunk in the bosom of the Atlantic deep.

Whatever is, hear Reason's voice, was made,
 Or increate. If increate, 'tis God;
 If made, by whom? Or was itself at once
 Maker, and work, productive, and produced?
 Vain sophistry! to some first plastic cause

* See Plato.

Trace then its birth, and that first cause, is God.
 For say, could matter by instinctive force
 Start into sense, and motion? Hast thou seen
 The cold dead clod start into warmth, and life?
 Say, did old Ocean with capacious hand
 Scoop the deep channel for his humid train?
 Did the tall mountain, with unborrow'd force
 Lift his aspiring head? or the pale moon
 By unimparted, and essential power,
 Mould her bright sphere, and point her silver shafts?
 Did the free Atoms, in sage council met,
 Debate where each should move? or did they float
 Thro' tracts of endless space, 'till Chance contrived
 This Order, 'till from universal strife
 This universal harmony began?

Who, that on some deserted coast beheld
 A stately pile with antique frieze adorn'd,
 Ionic, or Corinthian, who would say
 That storms had torn it from the mountain's side
 With all its towers; or think the boisterous wind

Haply

Haply had fix'd it on its solid base?
 Who, but would rather deem that painful art,
 Tho' now a stranger to this silent shore,
 Had polish'd every column, every dome,
 The moulded architrave, and fretted roof?

But who is He, that round yon garden bends
 His feeble steps, and with presumptuous tongue
 Arraigns Jehova's works? — I know him now;
 The Sage of Pleasure: with the sons of Greece
 I mix, and listen to his impious tale.

* ' Think not a hand divine could form that globe,
 ' Where scarce a trace of Wisdom may be seen,
 ' Of Goodness, or of Power. For part the sun
 ' With direct rays, and fire intense, denies
 ' To human use; or dark Gimmerian frost
 ' Has hid from mortal habitant: and part
 ' Vast lakes, huge rocks, rough thorns, and barren sands
 ' O'erspread; 'till man with patient care reform
 ' The stubborn earth, and tame the ungenial soil.

* See Lucretius, B. 5.

' Yet then, even then, when all his hopes are high,
 ' When ripening fruits expect the reaper's scythe,
 ' Oft he bewails the scorching heat; or weeps
 ' To see the summer's angry storm descend,
 ' And years of labour in a moment lost.
 ' What mean those ministers of vengeance; Gout,
 ' And racking Stone, and Fever's raging fire?
 ' Why shakes the South contagion from his wings;
 ' While Death, grim tyrant, with unerring hand
 ' Directs his dart unseen? — On the bare ground,
 ' Like the poor shipwreck'd mariner, whom storms
 ' Have cast on some inhospitable shore,
 ' The new-born infant lies; thro' many a year,
 ' Helpless and weak, he wails his bitter lot,
 ' And each sad hour beholds his artless tear.
 ' Not so the tenant of the field: he quits
 ' His parent's side, and wantons o'er the lawn
 ' Rejoicing: Earth for him spontaneous spreads
 ' Ambrosial banquets; and for him the brook
 ' Winds thro' sequester'd vales his amber stream.'

Fool,

Fool, waft thou present, when the Almighty sunk
 Earth's deep foundations, and to Ocean said,
 ' Here thy proud Waves be staid ;' when first the Stars
 Chaunted their matin song, and Angels cried
 ' Hosanna to the Highest ?'—Thou waft not there ;
 But WISDOM was.—Ere yet the earth was made,
 Ere yet the mountains were brought forth, or ere
 The day-spring knew his place, at God's right hand
 She sat, his chief delight. She sat, and saw
 His spirit moving o'er the watry deep ;
 Saw genial light, obedient to his call,
 Spring from the womb of darkness ; she beheld
 The ground yield grass and herb, yield fruit and flower,
 And Man, imperial Man, the Lord of All,
 Rise from the dust. She saw that all was good,
 And with her voice divine stamp'd every work.

Think'st thou the zone, that girds the torrid foil,
 Untrod by human step ? The Pilot, born
 Far from the Sun's mæandring path, defies
 The burning equinoctial : to the woods

Of

Of hot Bornéo, to Guiana's shore,
 He steers his prow undaunted. Oft within
 The frozen circle of the Arctic pole,
 He moors his vessel on some Northern isle,
 Greenland, or Zembla. There the frigid tribes
 O'er their bleak mountains roam ; nor wish to change
 Their darkling twilight, and ungenial frost,
 For brighter sunshine, or for milder skies.

What tho' with thorns and sand the earth be spread ?
 Say, would'st thou banish painful industry ?
 Say, would'st thou wish, with folded hands supine,
 Like thine own Gods to sit, and dose away
 A life of senseless ease ?—What tho' the storm
 Oft blasts the planter's hope ? drives not that storm
 From the purg'd air the putrid Pestilence,
 Stalking thro' noon-day's heat ? What tho' disease
 Infect the feeble frame ? yet hence arise
 Cool thought, repentance, hence contempt of life,
 And eager hope, that springs beyond the grave.

Is Death an evil ? Tell me, would'st thou drag

A lingering dotage of eternal pain,
 And, thro' successive generations, shake
 Thy hoary hairs, unhonour'd?—Would'st thou wish
 To fall, ere Reason be matur'd by time;
 Ere each fair object, that around thee shines,
 Strike thy rapt soul with wonder?—Think not then
 That Man can ripen, as the beast, that soon
 Arrives at perfect growth, and soon decays;
 Nor judge from *Parts* unknown, this wond'rous *Whole*.

Thus Heaven, and Earth, declare their Maker's praise:
 Nor that alone; but in the human breast
 A faithful monitor the Almighty placed,
 A witness of Himself.

Come then, the scene
 Of frantic mirth is o'er: the social bowl,
 The midnight frolic, and the scornful jest,
 Are gone; thy youth is past, thy strength decay'd,
 And all the partners of thy wanton hours
 Are sunk in shame, and sorrow, to the grave.
 Come, tell me, did a self-convicted soul

Ne'er

Ne'er check thy guilty joys? Did that blest Spirit
 That wakes each hope, that scatters every fear,
 And o'er the sinner's penitent mind distils
 His precious balm, ne'er interrupt thy peace,
 'Mid the rude fallies of unholy mirth,
 And impure passion; when the still small voice
 Of Conscience, made the hour of solitude
 To thee more hideous, than the silent watch
 Of midnight to the sleepless eye of pain,
 Or pining care?—O Conscience, heavenly guide,
 Thou, 'mid the storms, and tempests of the world,
 'Mid the rude blasts of chilling penury,
 In tears of woe, in death's alarming hour,
 Spread'st round the good man's couch thy shelt'ring wing,
 And all is peace: But Oh! how sharp the pang,
 When in the sinner's unrelenting heart
 Thou piercest deep, and driv'st the guilty wretch
 Far from the confines of tumultuous joy
 To scenes of melancholy, and black despair!
 But whence these boding doubts? Why shrinks the soul

From future ill? If no superior Power
 Claims homage, why do fancied evils scare
 The heart of Wisdom, that to crafty tales
 Ne'er yielded tame submission?—Mighty Lord,
 'Tis Thou, that in the sinner's breast dost move
 With kindest influence; 'tis thy tender rod
 That * heals his soul with medicinal wounds:
 The voice of Conscience is the voice of God.

Thee, universal King*, thy peopled earth,
 Thro' every nation, every tribe, adores.
 And tho' rude Ignorance, with savage rites,
 And uncouth gestures, howls her hymn of praise;
 Tho' senseless Idols, or created Lights
 Of Heaven usurp thine homage; yet to Thee
 Their voice is rais'd; to Thee their incense smokes;
 To Thee in grove and vale their temples rise.

* And with his stripes we are healed. ISAIAH liii. 5.

† Nulla gens usquam est, adeo contra leges moresque projecta, ut non aliquos Deos credat.

With feathery crown, and flaming gems adorn'd,
The gaudy Mexican from cups of gold
Pours out the captive Warrior's reeking blood
At Vitzipultzi's shrine ; while, with loud shouts,
In mystic maze the Virgins of the Sun
Dance round the bleeding victim. Near the banks
Of Zaara, whence the Merchant, dreadful trade
Comes fraught with slavery to Caribbean isles,
The tawny African o'er Ocean's stream
Spreads forth his arms ; on bended knee implores
The howling *winds* ; and begs the *storm* to drive
The cruel Christian far from Congo's coast.

Where Esperanza to the Indian main
Extends its rocks, the filthy native bows
With humblest reverence to the *Moon* : From her
He asks ripe fruits, and fertile seasons mild ;
And ever as she swells the impetuous tide,
With antic dances, and rude carol, greets
Her rising beams. On rich Golconda's walls

Ten tedious nights, and ten long sleepless days,
 The self-tormented Bramin sits : if F O
 Well-pleas'd behold his pain, it reck's not him
 That torn with hooks of steel his mangled flesh
 Pours streams of blood, or from his burning head
 With livid light the spiral flames ascend.

See, where the turban'd Caliph o'er the fields
 Of fertile Syria spreads wide-wasting war,
 And famine : nor can groves of ravag'd palm,
 Olives and figs, nor defolated vines
 That crown'd the brink of Pharphar, lucid stream!
 Nor widow's piercing shriek, nor orphan's tear,
 Melt his obdurate soul : for not the lust
 Of frantic power, or empire unconfin'd,
 But raging zeal, and hope of future bliss,
 Arm him with tenfold fury. On he goes
 Till vanquish'd millions glut his righteous rage ;
 Then pours to Mahomet a fervent prayer,
 While Victory washes from her savage hands

The

The blood of slaughter'd hosts.

These, mighty Lord,
 These all thy *Being*, and thy *Power* adore,
 Thy *Name* unknown. Not so in those blest climes,
 Where thy dear Son has rear'd his Cross. For us
 He left the regions of eternal Day ;
 While all the host of Angels carol'd round
 ' Glory to God on high.' From East to West,
 Swift as a Sun-beam darts, the tidings flew
 Of peace, and glad salvation. Mighty Kings
 In vain conspir'd to check its rapid course,
 And Persecution drew her flaming sword :
 Thy word, great God, prevail'd.—O may it soon
 O'er unenlighten'd realms its beams diffuse!
 Then, to his long-lamented home restor'd,
 The wand'ring Hebrew shall rebuild the walls
 Of sacred Salem, and on Calvary's top
 Adore his suffering Lord. The feast of Love,
 The banquet of remembrance dear, shall rise

In

In wild Savanna's, and 'mid boundless woods.
 Then the fierce Arab, that now prowls for prey
 O'er scorching sands, shall drink the cup of life,
 Purg'd in Baptismal streams ; and every tribe
 Of savage Indians, in the house of prayer
 Kneel with meek faith, and shew *Thy Kingdom come.*



A
POETICAL ESSAY,
ON THE
ATTRIBUTES
OF
G O D.
PART II.

BY THE REV. W. H. ROBERTS,
FELLOW OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ὁ Παῖς ὑμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς ἔθνεσιν ΤΕΛΕΙΟΣ ἐστίν.

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M.DCC.LXXI.

POETICAL ESSAYS
ON THE
ATTRIBUTES

G. D.



PART II.

By the Rev. W. H. ROBERTS,
FELLOW OF ETON COLLEGE.

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MDCCLXXII

ARGUMENT

OF THE SECOND PART.

General address to the Deity—1. On the UNITY of God—On Polytheism—On Idolatry—instanced in the conduct of the Israelites—The Manichean doctrine of two first Principles refuted—2. On the ETERNITY of God—on the destruction of the idols, and oracles, in the Heathen world—3. On the OMNIPRESENCE—4. On the OMNIPOTENCE of God—extended over the whole creation—particularly over Man—instanced in the destruction of Pharoah, and the settlement of the Israelites in Canaan—in the case of Nebuchadnezzar—God's power exhibited in the Sea—5. On the OMNISCIENCE—6. On the WISDOM of God—in the production of various animals—in the formation of Man—in the faculties of the human mind—7. On the GOODNESS of God—shewn in the animal world—in the vegetable—in the change of seasons—in the various products of various countries—in providing herbs, &c. for medicine—8. On the VERACITY of God—shewn in fulfilling the predictions of his Prophets—9. On the JUSTICE of God—the unequal Distribution of Good and Evil an objection to the Justice of God—that objection answered—The same objection enforced—answered again, by shewing that all these inequalities will be adjusted hereafter—exemplified in the story of the Rich Man, and Lazarus—10. On the MERCY of God—the office of Mercy to soften the Severity of Justice—The Redemption of Man undertaken by Christ—His Mercy in his life—and at his death.

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PART

PART II.
ON THE
ATTRIBUTES
OF
GOD.

GOD is, and God is ONE; the first, the last,
'Immutable, immortal, infinite;'
His wonders who shall tell? His hand supports

The *golden chain, that links a thousand worlds.

His undivided essence fills the realms

Of Time, and boundless Space: His eye surveys

Effects far distant, ere their causes rise.

His all-pervading mind disdains the help

Of equal, or inferior: He unmix'd,

Unaided, undirected, uncontroul'd,

Reigns Sovereign o'er his works, and reigns alone.

* *Σειρὴν χρυσάην.* Hom. Il. viii. 19.

Ere yet the Sun of Righteousness dispell'd
 The clouds of popular error, not a hill,
 But on his secret top, nor tufted grove,
 But deep within embowering shades, enshrined
 A tutelary Power. Fauns hence, and Nymphs,
 Oread and Dryad, and that rabble rout,
 Pan's sylvan court: besides what Deities
 Of mightier name, renown'd in ancient Greece,
 Or Phrygia, or Etruria's gloomy vales,
 Claim'd *general* homage o'er the spacious earth.

Where fam'd Alpheüs washes Pisa's plain,
 Arm'd with his light'ning flood Olympian Jove,
 Of Gentile Gods supreme. The Thracian bow'd
 To Mars, stern King of War. The vast domain
 Of waters earth-encircling Neptune held,
 His lot; while Pluto, pitiless Tyrant, ruled
 The fleeting subjects of his nether world.
 O ignorant of truth! One only Power
 Rolls his loud thunder thro' the low'ring sky,
 With light'ning wing'd: the same dread Lord of Hosts



Directs

Directs the spear, and on the warrior's thigh
 Girds the strong sword of conquest : roaring winds,
 And all the tempests of the stormy deep,
 Obey his voice ; and at his vengeful wrath
 Fallen Seraphs tremble in the realms of night.

Ah ! faithless Judah ! could'st thou then forget
 The stretch'd-out arm that clave the Red-sea waves,
 That rain'd down Manna on thy wandering sons,
 And led thee thro' the pathless wilderness
 Far from the house of bondage ? The sweet land,
 That flow'd with milk and honey, nectar'd streams,
 Refresh'd thy weary feet. But oh ! what mean
 Those shouts of dissonance, and frantic mirth,
 Round yon grim idol ? See thy daughters bow
 To devils ! See, thy princes bend the knee
 To Moloch, and to Dagon ! Soon, too soon,
 Shall sad captivity, and a stranger's land
 Receive thee : soon thy harp untuned shall hang
 By Babylon's proud waters ; never more,
 Till seventy tedious moons have twelve times waned,

To sing the songs of Sion. God shall rise,
 And vindicate his name : with jealous eye
 He guards his honour uninjur'd ; nor will deign
 To *share* the sacrifice of prayer, and praise ;
 For He is O N E ; God *ever*, God *alone*.

Yet some there are, who think two Principles,
 Equal in *power*, in *nature* opposite,
 Divide the world ; Author of *evil* this,
 And that of every *good* : that one with frosts,
 And noxious mildew blasts the ripening fruit ;
 Lets loose the rage of famine, and of war,
 Of tyranny, and wide-wasting pestilence ;
 Firm foe to Man, prompts the desponding mind
 To deeds of desperation ; arms with steel
 The dark assassin of the midnight hour ;
 And in the full-swoln vessels of the soul
 Pours lust, and rage, and rancorous envy : while
 The Rival of his reign with gentle showers
 Waters the thirsty soil ; o'er ravag'd fields
 Sends peace, sends plenty ; from contagious mists

Purges

Purges the winnow'd air ; the drooping spirit
 Revives with Hope's strong cordial ; blunts the point
 Of the drawn dagger ; and distills the dew
 Of soft affection o'er the melting heart.—

But shall not this divided kingdom fall ?
 Shall not the world, by adverse powers convuls'd,
 Shake to the center ? Or subsist its laws
 Immutable by everlasting strife ?

O fountain pure, from whose original stream
 To beast, to man, and all the angelic host,
 Flows life, thy Being inexhaustible
 End, nor beginning bounds. The motley crew
 Of idols, Ashtarothe and Baälim,
 Are fled : no more the Syrian damsels weep
 Their lost Adonis ; and the frantic maid
 No more hears Delphi, central rock, resound
 With oracles obscure : Dodona's oaks
 Are silent ; and deserted stands the fane,
 Where dwelt Ammonian Jove. But Thou art still
 The same thro' endless ages : Earth's strong base

Thy hand first laid, and scoop'd the vault of heaven;
 Earth's base shall sink, and the high vault of heaven
 Shall melt away; yet Thou shalt ay endure.

Thro' the vast regions of unbounded space,
 O'er all thine elements, o'er all thy worlds,
 Thine essence spreads. What tho' the Sinner flee
 To forest dark, or thickest grove, retired
 From human sight? thy never-sleeping eye
 Pierces the gloom, and marks his devious path.
 What tho' he curtain round his pillow'd head,
 Wrapt in the folds of sleep? about his couch
 Thou art; to Thee the darkness and the light
 Shine with one blaze, and night is clear as day.
 O whither then, say whither shall he go
 From thy pervading presence? Shall he soar
 To heaven's high towers? but there enthroned thou sit'st:
 Or shall he sink into the deep abyss,
 There, where the roots of earth and ocean grow,
 Unfathomable? yet still thy spirit broods
 O'er hell's dark womb, and fills the vacant gulf.

Great

Great is the Lord. He, nor confin'd by place,
 Spirit ætherial, nor by fate controul'd,
 Displays the glories of OMNIPOTENCE,
 The wonders of his might. When from his throne
 He darts the forked lightning; when his voice
 Speaks in loud thunder to the sons of earth;
 Huge Ocean trembles thro' his world of waves;
 The cloud-capt mountains smoke; with all her trees,
 Cedar, and pine, the lofty forest bows.
 But Man undaunted stands amidst the shock
 With vacant, unregarding eye: He fears
 Nor rattling elements, nor all the bolts
 Of vengeance, tho' suspended, soon to fall
 With threefold force on his devoted head.

Stop, Pharoah, stop. Behold the waves return:
 Hark, how the mighty waters round thee roar!
 While yon vile slaves, safe landed on the beach,
 Defy those idle threats: the Arabian gulf
 Shuts close, and swallows thee with all thine host.
 Fear not, O Israel, fear not: to the land,

W hence Jacob led thy great progenitors
 To Goshen, fruitful soil,) shalt thou return.
 There shalt thou find nor famine-blasted plains,
 Nor waters prison'd in the steely rock;
 But from each pore the gushing stream shall flow
 To slake thy thirst; the olive, and the vine,
 Shall weave their twisted foliage round thy head,
 And every valley sing with waving corn.
 On, Israel, on, Fear not or Eglon's king,
 Or Sihon, or the giant form of Og,
 Lord of the herds that range o'er Basan's meads:
 Fear not, tho' all the powerful monarchs leagued,
 Even from the river (that in Eden flow'd,
 Watering the tree of knowledge,) to the sea,
 With waving banners, and confederate spears,
 Breathe vengeance. 'Tis thy God, that leads thee on:
 'Tis He shall quell the force of Ammorite,
 And proud Philistine; He shall speak, and strait
 The Sun shall stop to hail thy victory,
 While half the nations of the astonish'd earth

Shall

Shall howl in mid-day darkness. In the land,
 The promis'd land, thy kings shall sheath the sword,
 And all thy sons, and daughters, rest in peace.

But what is that, which o'er the spacious mead,
 (Where Tigris and Euphrates, mingled streams,
 Haste to the Persian sea,) moves slowly on,
 And pastures forrowing on the verdant grass?
 Is that the great Nebuzar? is that He
 Who round the towering walls of Babylon
 Ten thousand chariots drove; who to the spires
 Of sacred Salem led the embattled host;
 Who desolated Jordan's fertile fields,
 And laid God's favour'd temple in the dust?
 Alas, how fallen! Learn hence ye Great, ye Vain,
 Learn hence, ye Sovereign Monarchs of the earth,
 How impotent your power. The King of kings
 Laughs all your pomp to scorn, and blasts the pride
 Of visionary conquest; whether thro'
 Wide pathless woods ye seek the intrenched foe,
 Or tempt the perils of the roaring deep.

With

With floating pennants, and expanded sails,
 Safe in her port the gallant vessel rides.
 From every side the winding coast resounds
 With festive shouts: the creaking anchor's rais'd;
 The ship no more is seen: far, far from shore,
 Secure 'tis bounding o'er Biscaya's bay,
 Or thro' the straits Herculean. But behold
 The storms and winds arise, the rains descend,
 From heaven's wide gate the thunder roars again;
 Where, where is now her strength? ah! what avails
 The stout oak, harden'd by Norwegian frosts?
 What profit now tough cables, towering masts,
 And all the brazen instruments of war?
 'Tis God, that bids his clashing elements
 Confound the pride of Man. See, where the deep
 Yawns wide! the ship, with all her freighted crew,
 Down sinks, and not a wreck is left behind.

As one, who first surveys the unbounded main,
 Pacific, or Hesperian, stretches far
 His aching eye to where heaven's concave arch

Bends

Bends to the waves, yet still nor all the expanse;
 Nor depth conceives; so labours the weak spirit,
 That in the bounds of mortal intellect
 Strains to compress OMNISCIENCE. Who shall scan
 Thy knowledge, wondrous Lord? or how shall dwell
 That vast idea in created mind?
 For not an atom heaven, nor earth contains,
 Not one wing'd word, no thought, yet unconceiv'd,
 Is hid from thee. The tongue, the heart is thine;
 And in thy book was written every limb
 While yet unfashion'd in the plastic cell.

From the small insect, that eludes the search
 Of microscopic eye, thro' all the tribes
 Of this full-peopled globe, thro' every stage
 Of sense, of instinct, or of intellect,
 To Man's imperial race, God's WISDOM shines;
 But chief in him, the last, the noblest work.

Yet boast not, Man, thy well-compacted frame,
 Thy symmetry of shape, thy graceful limbs;
 How, each to each adjusted, all perform

Their

Their proper functions ; boast nor strength in fight,
 Nor swiftness in the race. Can'st thou o'ertake
 The towering eagle in his course ? or bid
 The famish'd lion crouch within his den,
 Scared by thy lifted arm ? 'tis *Mind*, 'tis *Mind*,
 That o'er each bird, which cleaves the liquid air,
 O'er every beast, that ranges wood, or wild,
 Exalts thee : there in express characters
 Great * Elohim's hand his own bright image drew.

From each fair object to the enthroned Soul,
 Like rivers, that with tributary floods
 Increase old Ocean's ever-flowing stream,
 The SENSES, faithful ministers, convey
 Their vivid images. The listening ear
 Sounds pleasing, or of harsher dissonance,
 Leads through her ductile channels to the soul.
 Hence, if the sprightly clarion pierce the air,
 Rekindling ardour fires the warrior's breast,

* In the beginning God [Elohim] created the heaven, and the earth.
 GEN. I. 1.

Panting for fields of glory. Down the cheek
 Of penfive Pity drops the melting tear,
 When the soft lute, with plaintive minstrelsy,
 Pours lengthen'd notes of sorrow. The keen *eye*,
 That darts from earth to heaven, each object scans,
 Hill, vale, or shady grove, and on the mind
 The justly-represented landscape paints
 In tints of liveliest hue. So on the bank
 Of some clear stream the wondering shepherd stands,
 And in the mirrour of the level lake
 Sees woods, and lawns, exactest portraiture,
 Reflected to his view. 'Tis thus the SOUL,
 Herself unmoved, receives her various stores:
 Then J U D G M E N T with slow art, and patient skill
 Sorts each from each, disjoins, unites, compacts
 In justest symmetry; while sportive W I T
 With random hand confounds his painful toil;
 And smiling, to the fancy strait presents
 From grave, and gay, from light, and darkest shade,
 One motley picture. Soon the Mind, o'ercharg'd

C

With

With rich ideas, seeks a calm repose ;
 And to the M E M O R Y 's faithful care commits
 Her still-increasing treasures ; there for hours,
 For years they rest in silence, till drawn forth
 By fit occasion. Hence remembrance dear
 Of friends long lost consoles the pensive mind :
 Hence the sweet scenes of innocence and youth,
 Renew'd by recollection, please again :
 Vain else were human learning, human art,
 Vain all the ties of gratitude, and love.

Far as the flaming walls, Creation's bound,
 Beasts wild, or tame, that o'er the forest range,
 Or crop the flowery mead ; the finny race,
 And that Leviathan, who went to sport
 In oceans of thick ice ; the birds, that sail
 O'er the clear azure on expanded wing,
 All, all declare thy G O O D N E S S. Now the grove
 Shoots forth luxuriant foliage, and the earth
 Flowers of a thousand dyes : 'Tis *Spring* ; and soon
 Swart *Summer*, waving with his ripen'd fruits,

With

With shining hook will arm the reaper's hand.

Next *Autumn* comes : He, with impurpled foot
Shall tread the press, and from the full-swoln grape

Extract delicious juice : 'tis he shall stain

Each verdant leaf in tints of brownest hue,

Till boisterous *Winter* with his giant hand

Shakes the dismantled forest, where each branch

Shines spangling to the Sun with hoary frost.

Each change how regular ! By God's command

Alternate seasons mark the varied year.

He, universal parent, still sustains

All that his word created : fix'd on him

Is every eye ; and from his open'd hand

Flows liberal plenty o'er the Sons of Men.

Not that each soil, or in degree, or kind,
Boasts the same produce. Thro' wide fields of rice

Roam the parch'd hinds of India ; mantling vines

Spread their soft tendrils o'er Burgundian hills.

Sweet is the fragrance which the evening breeze

From orange woods, on Lusitania's shore,

Wafts to the Western waves: joyous the sound
 When Britain's labouring sons have strip'd her fields,
 And sing their harvest done. 'Tis hence each land
 By mutual intercourfe, commercial bond,
 The wants of each fupplies. For tho' nor gold,
 Nor diamonds flame beneath the Northern fky,
 Nor trees weep odorous gums, yet think not hence
 That God with thrifty hand withholds his ftores
 From half his fons, and fcatters o'er the reft
 His partial favours. He, to rouse the mind
 By deeds of bold emprize, gave to each land
 Her feparate bleffings. Hence o'er Albion's feas
 Rides the proud vefel, fraught with richeft ftores
 Of Afric, or the new-found Continent.
 Even in the wildernefs his hand has fpread
 A plenteous table; even the filent brook,
 Mantled with creffes, to the poor Man yields
 At once his beverage fweet, and wholefome food.

But not with fruits, and wholefome food alone,
 Sweet to the tafte, and pleafant to the eye,

Earth's

Earth's lap is fill'd : in sickness, as in health,
O'er all extends God's salutary care.

With toilsome step the peasant climbs the brow
Of some tall mountain : there with skilful hand
Culls every herb, each plant of healing power,
Steep'd in the morning dew. Where the highest sun
Darts beams direct on Lima's silver mines,
The scorch'd Peruvian from the bleeding tree
Strips medicinal bark, and o'er the wave
Sends health, sends vigour, to the distant sons
Of Britain, Queen of Waters. From the cave
Of hollow rock, from earth's all-teeming womb,
Bursts in full tide the life-dispensing stream,
Sulphureous, or Chalybeate. Strait the bloom
Of rosy health o'erspreads the blushing cheek ;
Strait the wan virgin, that thro' many a year
Had pined with slow decay, again revives
To scenes of sportive mirth, and tales of love.

Hear, hear, O Heaven, and thou, O Earth, give ear,

'Tis

'Tis God that speaks. 'Yet once more will I shake
 The Land, the Sea, the Nations.' Thus proclaims
 The eternal King : O tremble at his voice,
 Created Worlds ; his T R U T H shall never fail.
 By Him inspired the Seer survey'd the womb
 Of dark futurity : before his eye
 Rose fated sons of glory ; on his soul
 Press'd ages yet to come. The gaping croud
 Stood round, and listen'd to the ecstatic strains
 In blank astonishment : but ripening Time
 Matured each act, and gradually display'd
 Scenes long foretold. Thus fell proud Babylon,
 Thy scourge, O captive Israel ; thus the walls
 Of sea-girt Sidon ; thus Phœnician Tyre ;
 Thus within Solyma's devoted gates
 Were heard dire shrieks of horror : round her trench
 Hover'd the Latian eagle ; in her walls
 Raged fell sedition. Famine urged to deeds
 Of frantic violence : till, her temple fallen,
 Her warriors slain, compleated all her woes,

In

In the sad hour of each predicted curse
Sion, the pride of Cities, Sion fell.

Fix'd is God's throne on the adamantine base
Of JUSTICE: in his hand is pois'd the scale
That weighs his creatures, and to each awards
What each deserves. Whence then the different lot
Of Man and Man?—Scorch'd by the summer's heat
The panting peasant toils the tedious day,
Till, shadows length'ning from the mountain's brow,
His turf-built cot receives him: there he tears
From the reluctant ground his slender fare,
And drinks the stagnate waters of the pool.
Then on his couch of straw he sleeps till morn,
And rises to his labour: Near him stands,
Embosom'd in yon wood of tufted trees
The palace of his tyrant Lord: for him
A thousand coursers neigh; o'er pastures rich
The milk-white heifers bound; the menial train
Observe his nod, and wait his high command.
Yet look once more; that peasant, hungry, poor,

Who

Who sows, who reaps, yet tastes not of the fruit,
 With conscience light, and spirits ever gay,
 Hies whistling o'er the woodlands : Course his meal ;
 But Nature asks not better : hard his bed ;
 But found his slumbers : while his pamper'd Lord
 Sleeps not, tho' stretch'd on cygnets' down. Remorse
 Drives in his mangled spirit her hooks of steel,
 And each forc'd smile is clouded with despair.

Yet some there are, whose unrelenting souls
 The stings of conscience wound not : On they go
 Thro' life's gay flowery path, nor heave one sigh,
 The tribute to their own, or others' woe.
 Secure they riot in the pride of health,
 And bathe in Golden streams. Such once was He,
 To fate whose palate Ocean pour'd his stores,
 And Earth unlock'd her caves : in thankless ease
 He lived, he died ; nor lifted once a prayer
 To Him, the Giver of all. With upcast eyes
 And folded hands, still patient tho' in pain,
 Fast by the barr'd inhospitable gate

Sat pining Lazarus ; he sat, and ask'd
 In the meek tone of modest poverty,
 The humble pittance of some broken meal,
 The refuse of his board, but ask'd in vain.
 Nor all his piercing cries, nor bleeding wounds,
 Nor famine, staring thro' his haggard eyes,
 Could melt the spirit of obdurate pride ;
 He died unpitied. Where was J U S T I C E then ?
 Slept she ? or did the scabbard hide her sword,
 Canker'd with rust ? Yet, Sceptic, pause awhile ;
 Arraign not Heaven's decrees ; the scene is chang'd.
 See'st thou that horrid dungeon drear, and dark,
 Whence pestilential vapours taint the air,
 And livid flames ascend ? See, there he lies,
 Writhing in agonies, and parch'd with fire ;
 See there he lies, that rudely from his gate
 Push'd the poor pathless wanderer. He the while
 Wafted to realms of bliss on Angel's wing
 Looks down, and drops a tear. Yea, mighty Lord,
Just are thy works, and *righteous* all thy ways.

The day will come, when each shall meet his doom :
 But who shall stand its coming ? Virtue's self
 Shall shrink appall'd, and tremble at the frown
 Of all-consuming *Justice*. Still remains
 The last, the only refuge. Near the throne
 Of God stands M E R C Y. She on bended knee,
 With outstretch'd hand, averts the vengeful sword
 Of Justice, rais'd to strike. The King of Heaven
 Beholds her, and approves. He bids her rise ;
 Wipes from her eye the sympathetic tear,
 And owns her powerful influence. Soft the dew
 That evening sheds on Hermon, favour'd hill ;
 Soft are the strains, when Pity sooths Despair ;
 Yet softer, Lord, thy *mercy*. But in vain ;
 Stern *Justice* claims her due : the word was past.
 Irrevocable : the high behest was given :
 Man fell, and Man must suffer. Who, oh ! who
 Shall interpose ? What sacrifice shall bleed ?
 For Sin so foul what victim shall atone ?

If none, then all is lost.

‘ On me, on me,’
 Exclaim’d the Son of God, ‘ on me alone
 ‘ Let all thy wrath be pour’d : theirs was the offence,
 ‘ Be mine the punishment.’ He spake, and left
 * ‘The golden City’s hyacinthine walls;
 And thro’ the middle of the Eastern gates,
 Hewn from one solid emerald, as he pass’d,
 The Angel bow’d obeisance. Earth receiv’d
 Her gracious visitant. By Him subdued
 Legions of spirits accurs’d their mangled prey
 Reluctant quitted, and with horrid yell
 Howl’d hideous : touch’d by Him the palsied hand,
 Long wither’d, felt his genial warmth return,
 Circling thro’ every vein. He spake, and strait
 From the thick film was purg’d the visual ray.
 Aw’d by his potent word the grave op’d wide
 His marble jaws, and yielded back to life

* Rev. xxi.

His putrid dead. But what could all avail?
 Insulted, scorn'd, betray'd by those he lov'd,
 He fell. Yet bleeding on the accursed tree,
 While the last breath hung quivering on his lips,
 His *Mercy* still endured. Towards Heaven he cast
 The last faint glances of his closing eye,
*Forgive them, O forgive—*He bow'd, and died.



